

470 ODES,  
*PARTHENOPHIL* [ , §,

And extreme droughts mine heart  
shall burn ? There, in that Globe, shall  
I perceive

When I shall find clear  
Element; There, gloomy mists  
shall I conceive\*

Which shall offend the  
Firmament! On this, my studies  
still be bent,

Where even as rivers from the  
seas In branches through the  
land be sent,

And into crooked sinews press,  
Throughout the globe such wise the  
veins

Clear crystalline throughout  
her neck Like sinuous, in their  
crooked trains,

Wildly the swelling waves did  
check. Thence, rise her humble  
seemly Shoulders,

Like two smooth polished ivory  
tops ; Of Love's chief Frame, the  
chief upholders,

Whiter than that was of PELOPS !  
Thence, CUPID'S five-grained mace out  
brancheth;

Which fivefold, the five Senses  
woundeth. Whose sight the mind of  
lookers lanceth.

Whose force, all other force  
astoundeth. Thence, to that bed, where LOVE'S  
proud Queen,

In silent majesty, sweet  
sleepeth ; Where her soft  
lovely pillows been,

Where CUPID; through love's conduits  
creepeth. Pillows of VENUS' turtles'  
down !

Pillows, than VENUS' turtles  
softer ! Pillows, the more where  
LOVE lies down

More covets to lie down and  
offer! Pillows, on which two  
sweet Rosebuds,

Dewed with ambrosial nectar lie;  
Where Love's Milk-Way, by springs and  
floods.

Through violet paths, smooth  
slideth by. But now, with fears and  
tears, proceed

LOVE'S Place of Torture to  
declare ! Which such calamity  
doth breed